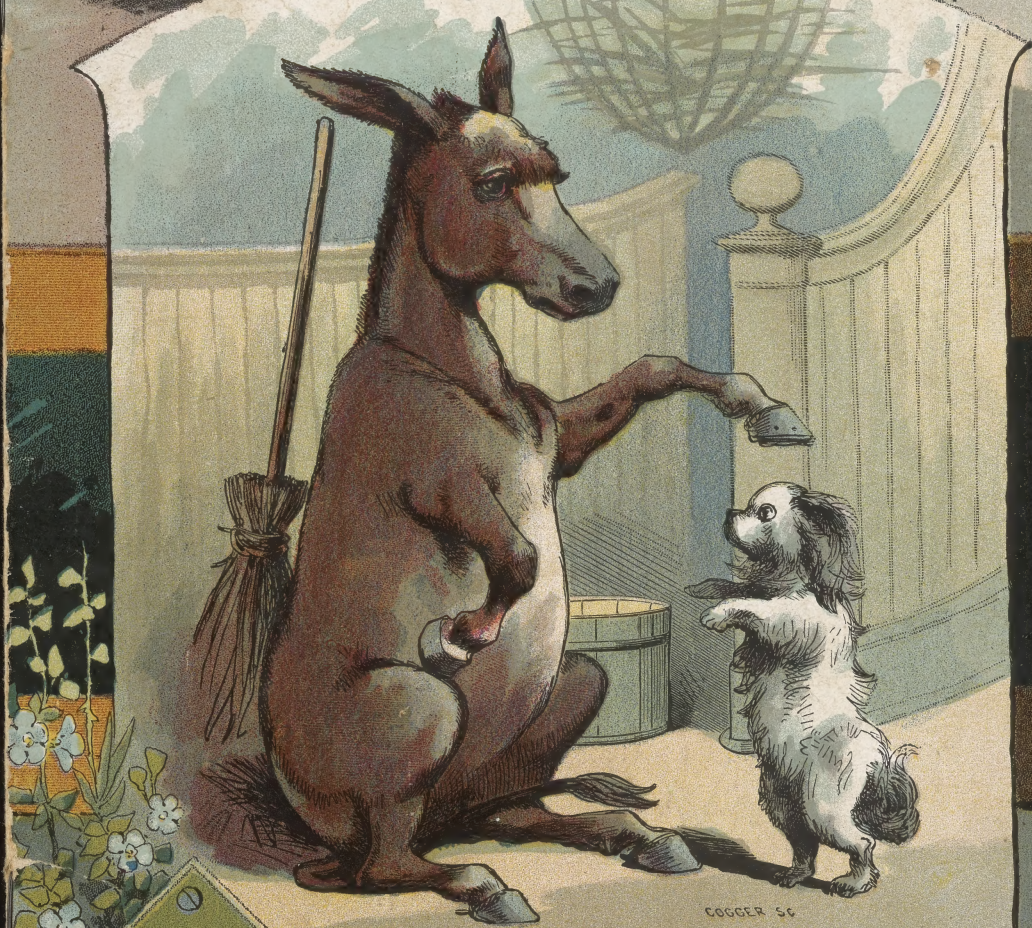


# KING DONKEY'S DOINGS.



COOPER 56

JOYFUL  
TALES

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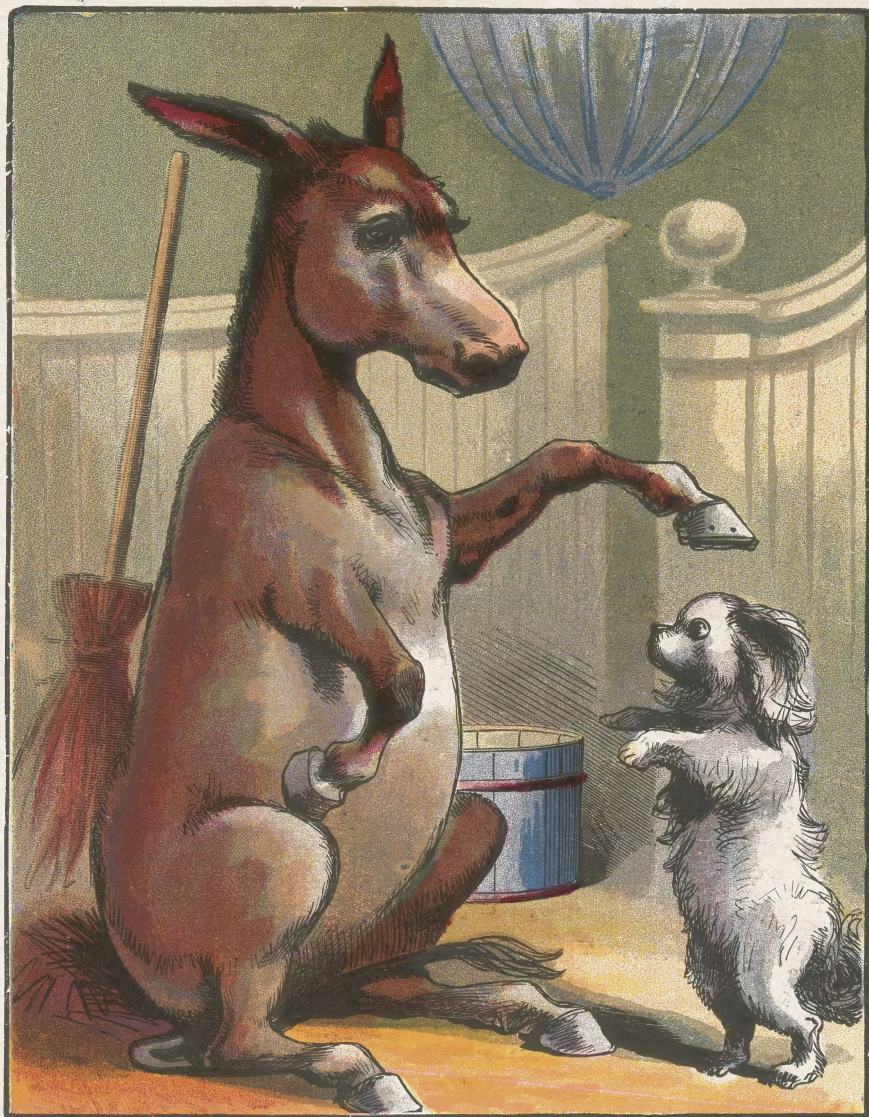
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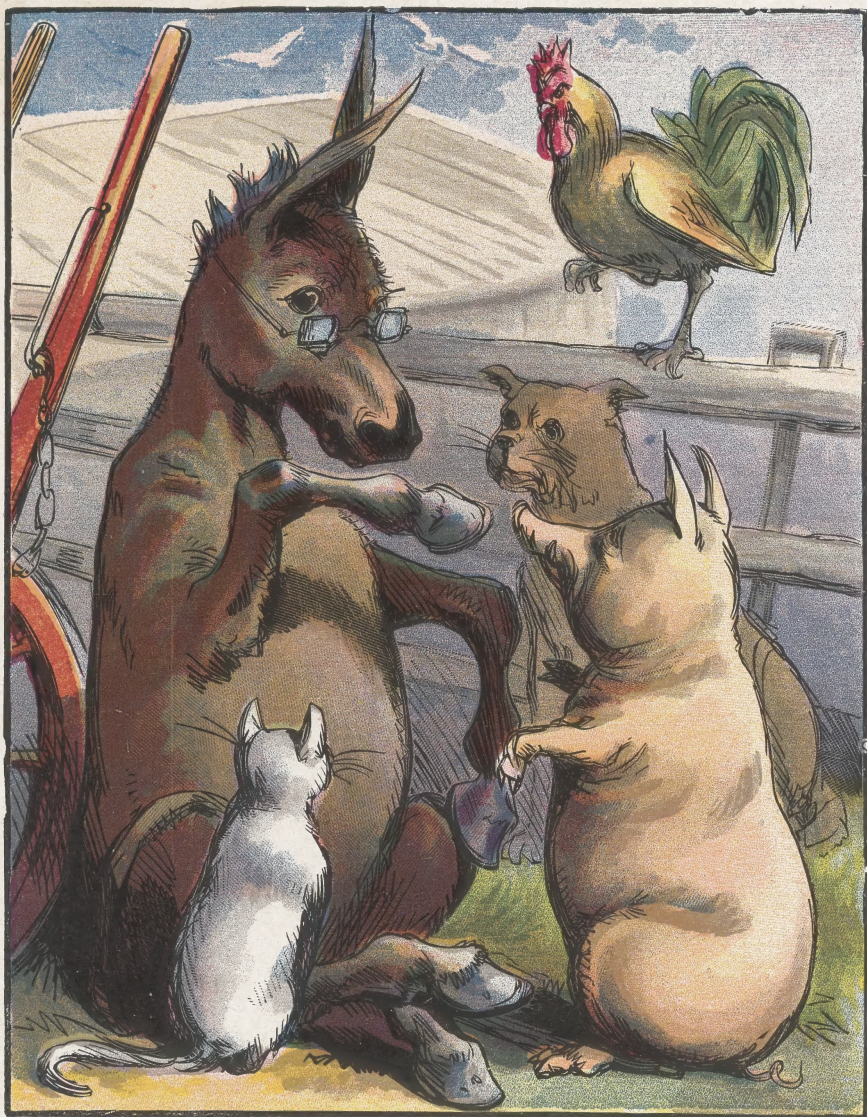
## KING DONKEY'S DOINGS.



A Farm-yard Donkey, by his friends  
Elected duly as their King,  
A message by the Spaniel sends,  
Before his throne them all to bring.

For he a scheme had in his mind,  
A scheme he thought was rather new;  
And what it was you soon will find,  
When you have read this story through.





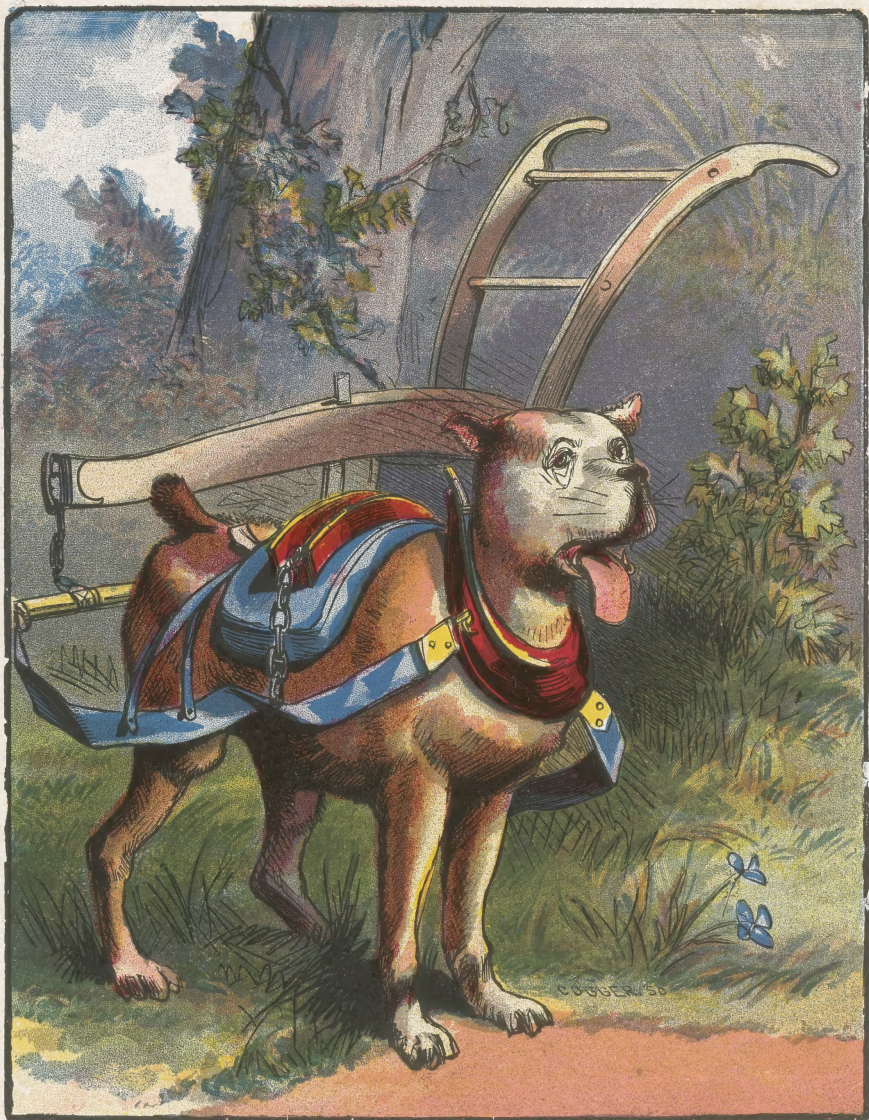
And when unto his urgent call,  
The beasts and birds came crowding round,  
King Donkey thus addressed them all,  
In words that showed his wit profound:  
“Ye creatures over whom I reign,  
Unto my royal speech give heed;  
Nor lift a voice while I explain  
The changes which we mostly need.





“For nothing has been rightly done,”  
And here he frowned with kingly state,  
“Don’t grin, you Pig, I’m not in fun;  
I mean to have things altered, straight.  
“In future, I declare, the Cat  
Shall take the place of Mastiff Tray;  
No more in catching Mouse or Rat,  
Shall Pussy spend both night and day.”





“Then, as for Tray, since he has had  
No work to do of late, I say  
He ought to feel quite pleased and glad  
To give the Horse a holiday.

“So Tray shall, for a little time,  
Relieve the Horse, and draw the plough.”  
On this poor Tray, so says the rhyme,  
Made a grimace, and then a bow.

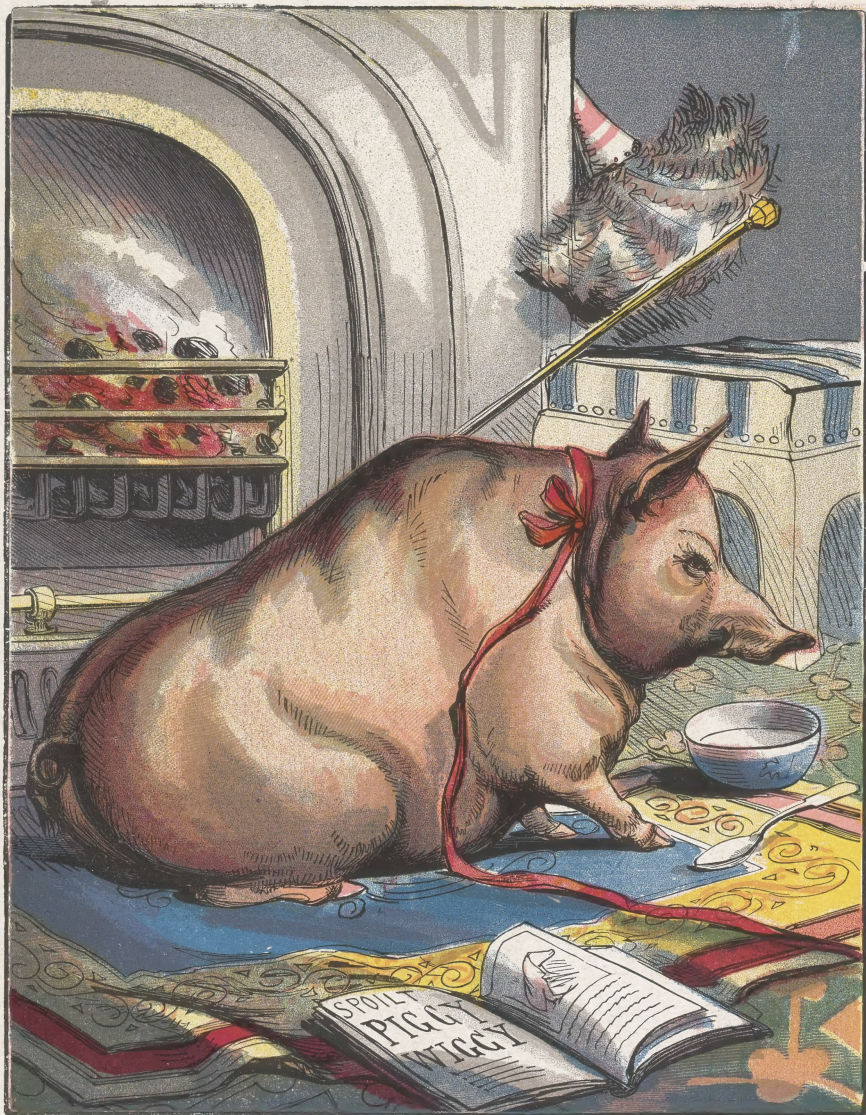




“From this time Cock shall spend the day  
In catching all the Rats and Mice;  
For crowing is a lazy way  
Of passing time—though very nice.

“And hark ye, Cock, when you have caught  
Your prey, the Mice and Rats—a-hem!  
To Madam Puss let them be brought,  
She’ll teach you what to do with them.”





“The Spaniel certainly has been  
So spoilt he’s quite lost all his grace;  
I really think—in short, I mean  
To let the poor Pig take his place.

“Piggy’s a prettier pet, I think;  
Let him take Spaniel’s place at once.”  
Spaniel at Pussy gave a wink,  
I fear he thought the Ass a dunce.





“As for myself, it is but fair  
When I have toiled like any Turk,”  
He waved his ears and sniffed the air—  
“I should do no more menial work.

“I’ll mind you all, so see that you  
Your duties carefully attend;  
For I’m your guardian, tried and true,  
Your king, your best, your only friend.”





Some more he was about to say ;  
He'd cleared his throat and just began—  
When old Dame Wiggins came that way,  
With broom, pail, mop, and water-can.  
And when they saw her horrid frown,  
The king and courtiers shook with fright ;  
But ere her vengeful broom came down,  
Away they went in headlong flight.



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